VOLUME LV CHICAGO, JULY 27, 1905. NUMBER 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE WHITE LAMPS.

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve
As, o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals, "slow,"
The red light is the danger light,
The white light: "let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
For what awaits us there.

For, who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift towards life's terminal I tread;
The run seems short tonight.
God only knows what's at the end;
I hope the lamps are white.

—Cy Warman.

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The Tower Hill Summer School

July 15--August 20, 1905

Religions of the Elder World
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Hindu Epics . . . . ANNE B. MITCHELL

Making an Anthology of English Poetry
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Birds and Hunting With a Camera
REV. RETT E. OLMSTEAD

Insect Life on the Hill . . T. LLOYD JONES

Ferns and Flowers . . ROSALIA HATHERELL

FOR TERMS, BOARD, &c.,

Address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN
SPRING GREEN WISCONSIN

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905. NUMBER 22

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawn, by living stream at eve.

—J. Thomson.

The *Universalist Leader* well counts it as a sign of growing unity that three of the Hoopeston (Ill.) churches dismissed their congregations that they might join with the Universalists in the dedication service of their new church. The Methodist, Baptist and Christian pastors glorified their own faith in thus respecting the faith of their neighbors.

The readers of UNITY will be distressed with us over the announcement which we first discover in the columns of the *Congregationalist,* of the serious illness of our neighbor and yoke-fellow, F. E. Dewhurst of the University of Chicago. We are glad to learn from this source that he is slowly recovering from a serious attack of rheumatic fever. May his recovery be prompt and efficient. Chicago needs more ministers of his type, interpreters of the gospel of sweet reasonableness.

The *Christian Socialist,* published in Danville, Ill., makes generous extracts from Mr. Powell's address at the Congress of Religion delivered at Lincoln Center. The same number contains an article on the "Psychology of Socialism," by George Willis Cooke; an article on "The Church and Socialism," by W. H. Randall, and much other matter which goes to show our friend E. E. Carr, of Danville, Ill., is issuing a lively semi-monthly, with all the evidence of a growing prosperity.

The bringing home of the body of John Paul Jones after a century of neglect, if not of forgetfulness, has in it ethical as well as historical significance. Is the much advertised neglect another evidence of the ingratitude of republics or does it suggest the decline of human interest in the great captains of war, however brilliant their exploits may have been on land or on sea? John Paul Jones's niche in the American Temple of Fame is a permanent one. Posterity will honor the valiant admiral. But as becomes a republic, the niche will be a humble one and his place a secondary one in the American Temple of Fame.

The *Cosmopolitan* for August publishes what the editor claims is the first love poem of Edwin Markham. This comes as a contribution to the discussion as to whether love after all is the source of the great poetry of the world; that is, love restricted to the sex life of humanity. The great bards have tuned their lyres, as Emerson somewhere suggests, "to death, duty and destiny." Even this love song of Edwin Markham strikes the deeper sources of his inspiration, as the disappointments of love lead the singer to the deeper sources of life when he says:

I will go the way and my song shall save me,
  Tho' grief goes with me ever abreast;
I will finish the work that the strange God gave me,
  And then pass on to rest.

I will go back to the great world-sorrow,
  To the millions bearing the double load—
The fate of today and the fear of tomorrow:
  I will taste the dust of the road.

I will go back to the pains and the pities
  That break the heart of the world with moan;
I will forget in the grief of the cities
  The burden of my own.

There in the world-grief my own grief humbles,
  My own hour melts in the days to be,
As the wild white foam of a river crumbles,
  Forgotten in the sea.

Amid the chorus of newspaper approval of the appointment of Elihu Root to the place made vacant by the lamented death of John Hay, it may seem ungracious for UNITY to utter its feeble and inconsequential protest. Be that as it may, we can but express our deep regret that the man who perhaps more than any other shaped the policy of the government and justified the same with his high legal sagacity in its Philippine conquests, is now in charge of its international affairs and is to manage the diplomatic service of our nation. We regret the Philippine episode as a lamentable reversion on the part of the noblest republic in the world to aristocratic and monarchic methods and ideals. It was Elihu Root who laid the foundations of the new extravagances in military and naval directions. He championed the policy that assumes that war is still a legitimate vocation of a nation and that violence when perpetrated in the name of law is a means of progress. Mr. Root is unquestionably a man of ability; we doubt not his integrity, but the destiny of a nation that is entrusted to the keeping of such a man, whether as Secretary of State or as President, will fall short of that perfect mission

which the poets and the philosophers have fondly ascribed to the United States of America.

The *Congregationalist* for July 15 contains an interesting article on "John Hay as a Hymnist," publishing three samples. The one written for the Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington, 1896, the opening line of which is

"Lord, from far severed climes we come"

is, to our mind, clearly the noblest. It will probably take its place permanently among American hymns. The one entitled "Sinai and Calvary" is based upon that antithesis between the Old and New Testament which modern scholarship has well nigh exploded. Sinai and Calvary compliment instead of antagonizing one another. There is tenderness and mercy in the Old Testament; there is sternness and terror in the New. The theology of Sinai and Calvary is much more complex and less satisfying to the emancipated mind than is that which one reads between the lines of Jim Bludsoe and Little Breeches. The one entitled "Submission," the poem to which Dr. Lyman Abbott gave a place in his hymn collection, is too military, not to say martial, to take a high place among the classics of the devout life. One couplet in the first stanza seems to us to be particularly bad as poetry, and vague if not contradictory—

"Not like the nerveless fatalist,
Content to trust and die."

Trustfulness in the presence of death perhaps is not a very nerveless condition. "Fatalist" is one of the scare words in religion, the connotation of which it is difficult to fix. Who are the "nerveless fatalists," anyhow?

A corporal of the United States army comes to the defense of the army canteen from the "standpoint of a man in the ranks." A part of his argument is based on the bad precedent of the English army in India. He deals with the private soldier as an American Tommy Atkins, a premise which we hope is utterly false. America has not yet developed a Tommy Atkins, a professional "enlisted man." This corporal further tells us that there are ten thousand American soldiers now in the Philippine Islands, mostly young Americans, "far from home and home influences, dependent for their amusements and recreations on the offerings of a semi-hostile and half-civilized country." He speaks of the number of young men who are being sent home "with a disability discharge, a ruined constitution, or worse still, to the hospital for the insane at Washington." All of which our corporal assumes might be avoided or at least ameliorated if moderate drinking of good beer was encouraged by an army canteen. This is curing the plague with rose water with a vengeance. Perhaps it would be better for us to bring home these ten thousand young Americans; or if that could not be done, to so shape our policy and so administer our obligations to those men of the tropics as to make the presence of a standing army unnecessary. Some day the American young man will be so educated that the indolence and dangers of army life in times of peace will be avoided altogether. When the standing army, except enough for police duties, will become a thing of the past, the canteen and the sutler will go also.

Charles W. Pearson.

"Father died London the 11th; funeral 14th; notify papers."

This was the startling cablegram that came to one of the officials of the Unitarian Church at Quincy, Ill. It was a shock not only to the parish that had learned to know a true shepherd's voice but to the city and a wide circle of friends throughout the country. Dr. Pearson left his church in the middle of June for his summer vacation across the water, in apparent good health and in the best of spirits, and now, without note of previous warning, comes this dispatch from the daughter, who was visiting with him the old haunts in the land that gave him birth.

The readers of UNITY will also be pained to learn of the death of this contributor and friend. Mr. Pearson beautifully blended the qualities of gentleness and stalwartness. For twenty-one years as professor of English literature in the Northwestern University he was an interpreter of poetry, but he was also a poet of no mean power and he lived the poetry he loved. Many years ago he published a beautiful anthology entitled "Christ Among the Poets." The viewpoint which enabled him to make a worthy collection of Christ poems, or at least of Christ in poetry, showed the attitude of his mind and, what is still better, the aptitude of his spirit.

Mr. Pearson was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1846. At the age of fourteen he entered upon a business career in the employ of a Liverpool ship company, which carried him to Calcutta, Buenos Ayres and other points. When twenty years of age he entered the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., where he graduated with honors four years later. After four years tutoring in German and history he had a short experience as a Methodist pastor in Michigan. But in 1881 his Alma Mater called him to the chair of English literature, which he occupied for twenty-one years. But all this while Mr. Pearson was true to his primal vocation—that of a minister of religion. The poets gave him breadth. He saw the trend of thought, faced the problems and accepted the conclusions dictated by reason and science. He acted not rashly. For years before the final break came he often asked the question of the present writer, "What is a man's duty when his thought outgrows his creed?" The test came in 1901 when a religious revival undertook to draw the line between the sheep and the goats, theologically speaking. To Professor Pearson the hour had come and he must speak his convictions; hence the article in a local paper from his pen on "Open Inspiration vs. A Closed Canon and Infallible Bible." There was a short, searching but kindly agitation. But he was

prompt to relieve the perplexity of his University and he resigned his chair and withdrew from the Methodist church. But the religious nature that led him out of one fellowship for conscience sake made him prompt to seek another, and in January, 1903, he took up the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Quincy, Ill. The quality of his ministry may be judged from the touching tribute to his memory presented at the memorial meeting held in the church on the Sunday following the notice of his death, which we print below, the resolutions being offered by Dr. Joseph Robbins, a man who has been prominent in the life of the church for many, many years. Rev. Barlow G. Carpenter, of the Universalist Church of Macomb, conducted the memorial service, reading a selection from Dr. Pearson's recent little booklet of verse entitled "The Surrender." Rev. James R. Smith, pastor of the First Congregational Church of the city, sent a fraternal letter of condolence, which was read. The resolutions and the letter we print below.

UNITY joins with all who knew him in lamenting the untimely departure of a gentle soul, kindly, earnest, as courteous as he was eager, as devout as he was independent. His book on "Methodism; a Retrospect and an Outlook" (1891) and "The Carpenter Prophet" (1902) reflect a clear head, an honest inquirer, a spiritual nature.

Our sympathies go out to the bereaved parish and to the six mourning children, four daughters and two sons, who are left behind. The eldest daughter is married and lives in Evanston; with her live the two younger sisters, one of whom is but nine years old. The second daughter, Miss Ethel, was with her father at the time of his death pursuing her studies in art. One son is in Seattle and the other in Chicago. His wife had preceded him into the mysterious realm eight years before.

Farewell, brave and genial brother! The world is better for the work of so strong and tender a spirit.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE PRESENTED BY DR. JOSEPH ROBBINS AT THE QUINCY MEMORIAL MEETING.

For the third time during its existence, this society has been bereft of its minister by death and in each instance the touch which set the spirit free from its mortal clay, seemed to all human ken untimely.

George Moore, who ministered to this people in the earliest infancy of its organic life, slept just at the moment when by his great-hearted devotion to the lowly, the distressed, the wayward, and even the criminal, he had won the love of the whole community, disarmed the bitter sectarian hostility of fifty years ago, and demonstrated how much greater is a noble life than the noblest of creeds; Charles F. Bradley withered with the falling blossoms of the May nine years ago, just at the time when the apparent pessimism of his mighty jeremiads over the burdens and limitations which ignorance and credulity had laid upon his fellow men had only begun to be recognized as the profoundest optimism; and now the rarely beautiful spirit of Charles W. Pearson passes within the veil just at the time when the hoarse shouts of warring sectaries are so far hushed that men may hear the still, small voice of reverent reason—the voice of the Indwelling God. And of such was the voice that is hushed.

Brother Pearson passed away in London, on the 11th instant, bidding farewell to the earth beneath his native skies and hard by the scenes of his early life. Like Bradley, he came to us out of another communion into which he was born with hereditary bias, to be educated and developed amid all the hampering traditions which one generation inevitably entails upon its successor, to be borne by it as a handicap in the perplexing search for that equation—sought by all earnest souls—which shall square the tragedy of life with the conception of Infinite Goodness and Infinite Power. From this bias and this environment he has thought himself out into the unfettered world of free inquiry; and there, in that clearer atmosphere, he fully realized the great truth that man can have laid upon him no higher duty than that of being honest with himself. Enjoying for many years a lucrative position as professor of English literature in a denominational institution, with the self-education which naturally comes from so broad an outlook, and with the widening thought which comes with the process of the suns, he found he had outgrown the creed upon which the university he was serving was founded. When this fully dawned upon him he felt that he could not with self-sincerity longer hold the position otherwise so congenial to his tastes; and, although his associates would fain have held him there notwithstanding their speculative differences, he gladly relinquished it, not only that haply he might bring to others the message which had come to him as a new evangel but that he might to his own self be true.

And so he came to this society two years and a half ago, bringing his message not to unfamiliar ears, but clad with fresh beauty by the choice speech of which he was master, and by the earnest spirit which breathed through it. To listen to his broad, searching, yet ever-tolerant thought pointed and illustrated by gems brought up from the depths of purest wells of English undefiled, was a liberal education; to know him closely, to have daily contact with the example of an educated, pure-minded gentleman of refined manners and the highest aims, brought culture both of mind and heart; to fathom the depths of his manliness and sincerity was a quickening tonic to the conscience.

The ministry of such a life—unconsciously serving all other lives with which it comes in contact—does not end with the great transition, but continues in unseen ways; and as we here place on record the acknowledgement of our debt for what he did and what he was, we do it with an abiding faith that the debt will be increased by the nobler fruitage yet to come.

A LETTER FROM REV. JAMES R. SMITH, PASTOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF QUINCY, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITARIAN CONGREGATION.

As a neighboring pastor and friend of your beloved minister, Dr. Pearson, permit me to contribute a word of appreciation of him and of condolence and sympathy with you in your great bereavement. I knew him but a little while, but long enough to appreciate his sterling honesty of mind and soul, his gentle and tender heart, his loyalty to truth, his love of liberty for all, his devotion to all that is good, true and beautiful in human life. He exemplified the Christian graces in our midst. The loss reaches far beyond your church, although it will be most keenly felt there. We all feel that a true friend and brother has passed on before us, for his sympathies were so large that he was a brother of the race.

I remember several years ago when he was being so severely criticised for certain theological positions he had taken, he said in a meeting of the church to which he then belonged, "I want to say that since my conversion I have tried to live in all good conscience, and that my purpose has always been to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. The first words that came to my mind after I awoke on New Year's day were: 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men; and my daily prayer is, take not the Holy Spirit from me.'"

That was long before I knew Dr. Pearson personally, but I copied the statement and have kept it ever since as the picture of a beautiful soul. It seems to me still to throw light upon the character of the man and reveal to us just what he was. We all know how true he was to what he here expressed. The world has been made vastly better by his journey through it and the memory of his life will be in future years a continual blessing to us all.

The Heavenly Father has called him to his reward in the invisible Kingdom toward which he ever lifted us by his life and words. May the Divine Spirit comfort your hearts and give you grace and blessing in days to come.

I am sure I express the sentiment and sympathy of your people, as well as my own, in what I have said here.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

An oft-repeated prayer is that one may close the door of sense upon the thoughts and things that harrass and disturb and enter into that soul communion which feels its at-oneness with the God-power. To be where this prayer is made a realization expresses in the fewest words what a summer on Tower Hill means to some of us. Away from the rush and din of the city, from the haunts which for ten months of each year demand so much physical and mental effort, up to the heights, where one symphony of song, silence and solitude makes the spiritual visions clearer.

It is a soulfull family on the Hill this summer, meeting three times a day to do ample justice to the fresh produce of "our own garden," and then each one seeking those retreats where she may best grow and enlarge. Some of us have forgotten the heat and, yes, even the mosquito in our exaltation over Wordsworth's Prelude. What an ideal place in which to read Wordsworth! We are sure, could the poet himself have spent a summer on Tower Hill, he would have added another joy to the world's cup, to which he has contributed so lavishly.

Though there is a tendency this summer to "feminize" our assembly, yet there are a few philosophers among us who are sharing together the joys of James' psychology and Royce's "Spirit of Modern Philosophy." "The Wandering Jew," "Calmire," Matthew Arnold's essays and Meredith's novels are all finding their share of enthusiastic attention. The never ceasing beauty of a panorama of hills and marshes and lazily winding river have afforded ample scope for the artistic skill of our "fine arts contingency." Some of our younger aspirants have sauntered into the realm of poesy to the extent that Carolyn Well's Anthology may well tremble at this competition.

Sunday, July 6, being the first day of our summer school our conductor, Mr. Jones, opened the session with a sermon, which will serve as a background for the better comprehension of the summer course in the study of the great Oriental religions.

The science work, under the efficient leadership of Miss Rosalia Hatherall, will consist of a study of the "Flowerless and Flowering Plants," a special attempt being made to know by name the plant world as it has established itself on the Hill.

The real intellectual wrestling, from which we are deriving much enjoyment, if for no other reason than because we are learning how much we really do not know of good poetry, is our united effort to compile a small anthology of short poems from the world's best poetry which every child and young person should know.

The hallowed time of all the week is when, as the sun is slowly sinking, the vesper bell calls us to our woodland power to worship. There seems to brood over us all a keener sense of that *togetherness* in aspiration. The story of the "Sand Bag," taken from that exquisite collection of ancient and modern stories of the Italian life as told by Francesca Alexander in her "Rhymed Legends of Florence," furnished the thought for the evening. The sweet simplicity of the lesson from those old monks of the Fifth century in their withholding of judgment upon another's sin sinks deeply into our hearts, and there was not a person but went away from the vespers more charitable in judgment of fellow-creatures and larger in the sense of brotherhood.

MARY E. ANDREWS.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, July *18, 1905.*

The Tenth General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

THE CIVIC DEDICATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

Stenographically reported by Mary M. Leppo.

THURSDAY, June 1, 8 P. M.

MR. JONES:

Of the dedications that we have known within these walls within the last three weeks we come tonight to the crowning dedication, that which dedicates this building erected under the inspiration and direction of a religious society to the service of the community, the civic welfare and municipal advancement. It is fitting that at such a meeting as this, he whose name is identified with municipal reform, with public spirit, and who has been the inspiration and the patience and the backing of those who have brought this building into being, should preside, and it gives me great pleasure to turn this meeting over into the hands of my friend and co-worker, the friend and co-worker of all those who believe in a better Chicago—William Kent.

MR. KENT:

Ladies and Gentlemen—If you will look at the cover of your programs you will see the text of this meeting: "This building is dedicated to public service honoring the memory of Abraham Lincoln, democrat." That is the text of this meeting, and largely the text of this building. The play upon words that may be produced simply means that no party is big enough to maroon and isolate for their own benefit a man like Abraham Lincoln, and no party is big enough to monopolize the biggest word in the world, *viz.*, democrat.

It has always been the belief of All Souls Church, which now enters into part occupancy of this building, that politics, one of the most intimate and necessary of social servants, is really a high part of religion. It has further been the belief of All Souls Church, and that belief has been transplanted, that there is such a thing as carrying character and decency down into practical politics; that there is no reason why a caucus should not be a public occasion, and it is one, just the same as going to church. If in any one place I was inspired by precept and example to start in the line of civic work, I got that inspiration from Mr. Jones and from All Souls Church. And that idea is one which here in these larger quarters is bound to inspire a great many more,—the idea of All Souls Church; the idea of this Congress of Religion.

It has often been stated from this platform that, concerning religion, people have similar views or the same views on important questions. This is equally true of politics as it is true of ethics and religion. You will notice that our democratic friends are claiming Roosevelt as a democrat, and if you will read what to me is the most suggestive and the greatest book recently published on civics, *viz.*, the book of Hobhous on "Democracy and Reaction," you will find in his last chapter that he shows the striking resemblance between liberalism and socialism; they are moving unconsciously along parallel lines. To get down to the principles of decency in politics you will find all parties united between elections; you cannot find very much difference of opinion; everyone knows that no theory, no scheme, however good it may be, however well it may sound, can be carried out by dishonest men. Between elections no one for a moment in Chicago believes or pretends to believe that municipal affairs have any proper relationship with party politics.

And so the mission, as I understand it, of the civic side of this building,—and all its sides are civic as well as religious, because they are largely the same thing,—is to be hospitable to the truth wherever we find it and to bring people together in working for righteousness as vigorously as partisans are trying to separate them so that they may get their jobs. I believe that this building and the spirit of it will stand as a happy mean in political life, making really practical politics, a happy mean between the man in the first ward who votes too often and the man in the sixth ward who does not vote often enough.

We have been disappointed in some of those whom we expected to have here. We hoped and had reason to expect that the Governor of Illinois would be present. That hope died away some time ago when he told of the difficulties he was having in cleaning up after the Legislature.

We also regret the absence of our genial and kindly Mayor, a man in whom we all have reason to have confidence and to take pride; a friend of real democracy in spite of his party name; and whether we get a straight game apiece tomorrow or have to wait sixty days for municipal ownership, we can do no better than to literally stand at his back. He is worthily represented here tonight by Dr. H. S. Taylor of the city law department, who will speak in behalf of the Mayor.

Mr. Taylor:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am profoundly conscious of the fact, and I assure you it impresses me, that nothing I can possibly say, no manner, however effective and eloquent in which I can say it, will in any wise compensate for the absence of his Honor, Mayor Dunne, Chief Magistrate of the city, one in whom all Chicagoans have a just pride, and one in whom all who know him have kindly and friendly interest. As I said, nothing that I can say and no manner in which I can say it can possibly compensate. He had fully expected to be here tonight, but he found that the city council is to sit tonight, and of course as a matter of duty he was compelled to remain at the city hall to serve you and All Souls Church and the Lincoln settlement by discharging his duty as presiding officer of the city council.

I can only guess at some of the things his Honor would have said if he had been present himself. I think he would have congratulated the good fathers and the good mothers or whosoever selected the name for this organization. It is a fitting name, a good omen, I think, and one highly suggestive. It is a fact, as Mr. Kent has said, that the character of Lincoln is too broad, too widely and wisely catholic to be handed over to the keeping of any political party or any sect or cult of any kind; he belongs to the world. He has partisan at a time when partisanship was tantamount to patriotism, and yet, I venture to say that his remains, his speeches, state papers, letters, are now, today, quotable by all patriots and philanthropists of all parties in America. He was religious, too, in the best and largest sense of the word; a true friend of the churches. Challenged as a skeptic in his day, regarded as a free thinker, denounced on occasion in the capital city of this state, not merely as a skeptic but as an infidel, yet I know of none of the presidents of the United States whose state papers are so replete with real Christian sentiment, pious utterances and direct appeal to duty, and have so many evidences of confidence in providence and faith in prayer as the state papers of Abraham Lincoln. And then there is another thing that illustrates his large character. In the latter days of his life he was an aristocrat,—that is to say, there were no circles of society at Washington, probably not in the world, that were not open to the long, awkward Illinoisan. He moved in an atmosphere of the best that we could furnish, and yet he was the friend of the plain people, he remembered the poor. Once he was attacked on the last great utterance that he gave to the world, his last message to congress. It was a plea for the dignity of labor and an indictment of capital in the hands of idle persons. The topic is too divergent and too large for me to pursue further.

But I again congratulate you upon the name. Out of perhaps a category of all possible names, you have picked one of the best, in my judgment. And then another felicitous thing. I think you are organizing here, if I understand the nature of your organization, under the generalship of one of the best possible leaders; a man whom I have known for twenty years and who has always, at least of late years, reminded me of some of those snow-capped volcanoes in New Mexico,—white on the top, but burning warm at the heart; a man whose enthusiasm is always tempered with good judgment, whose perennial confidence in his brother man, whose rational optimism has marked all of his career in this community. I congratulate you on the one Jenkin Lloyd Jones that I know of in the country.

And I fancy if the Mayor were here he would congratulate you on this building, the character of the building. You know it used to be the case, and is to a measure yet the case in the smaller towns and cities and in some of the larger ones, that church life ran all to ecclesiasticism and expressed itself in, for instance, a five thousand dollar house with a ten thousand dollar spire and internal decorations. In some cases with which I have been acquainted, after the ordinary congregation had succeeded in building its costly spire and in paying for its costly organ, they were obliged to mortgage themselves for an indefinite period of years, and they had no extra energy to spare on saving the people. I congratulate you on a workshop that has the appearance of being fitted and framed for its purpose.

I think the Mayor would have said all of these things quite as effectively as I have said them and far more forcibly because what he said would have been underscored and emphasized by his official position. He gave me no message except that I should come here and assure your worthy leader and this organization of his profound sympathy; and to deliver this message to you—that he is perfectly and entirely persuaded of the fact that good government, after all, must find its source in good citizenship, and good citizenship is and must be the fruitage of culture. And so in the name of his Honor, the Mayor, I tender to you his respectful salutations and his good wishes for your future and for the work that you have undertaken.

The Chairman:

In the next speaker I take an almost fatherly pride. I have done all I could to educate him along political lines, and I think his education has gone as far as it can. In greeting Dr. Taylor to this platform, Abraham Lincoln Centre extends the hand of greeting to Chicago Commons, and we pray here that we may do measurably well what Chicago Commons has so long done splendidly.

Dr. Graham Taylor, Head Resident of the Chicago Commons:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The civic dedication of a church is a strange and rare thing, and the rarity of it is unfortunate for the state, for the church and for the individual. In that remarkable volume which all of us

read years ago, "Robert Elsmere," the hero is pictured as sitting in the cathedral. Looking down through the dim religious light upon the conduct of the services, he said to himself, Religion has been cornered off into one corner called the spiritual past, while the great world rushes by unheeded and unheeding. The trouble with Robert Elsmere and the barrenness of his life lay in the fact that his manhood was larger than his religion; that he had a faith that did not claim the inspiration of human activity.

You will remember in that remarkable volume, "Social Evolution," that Benjamin is a visitant from some other sphere, is being shown about this old earth of ours. He seems to understand fairly well what a court house is, a factory, etc., but when he comes to a church he is very sorely perplexed. His guide gives him a good understanding of what it is for. He said, This is irrelevant, this does not belong; it is just like the barnacle of a ship; but this stranger insisted that if people came around to it every so often it must have some relevancy to those who came to it. So, many of us are ever ready to prove the relevancy of religion, even though we insist upon it that faith is irrationality. This divorce between faith and practice, between religion and politics, was brought home very forcibly to me early in my manhood's life by a man who was nominated for deacon, but who was well known to be corrupt in his politics. Now this man had absolutely no moral complexion in his mind; it was absolutely divorced from his church going, his worship. His resignation was forced, and when, after three or four years of sworn opposition he came to himself, he said this experience was one of the greatest services to him, for it taught him to identify his politics with his religion and unify his life.

There are ever so many men living divided lives. But after all there is a sort of ground for that separation in the primitive church; there was no democracy pure and simple, and when he came whose name most of the churches bear, they gathered together in brotherhood as the world had never seen before. This meant democracy; it meant a new social order; it meant that the men had emerged from the masses and that each one counted one, and that each stood for all, and that all stood for each as never before in the history of the world. The very name was given to the church which stood for town meeting; this was a gathering of the democracy of the kingdom of God—in the very word meaning citizenship. The great seer who was the last to look into the dim future built not temporarily, but in the place thereof a city, a city in which all were in the bonds of brotherhood under the all Fatherhood of God.

So we are only going back in such movements as this is the primitive type of church, and here we have a church that stands for the state, for the democratic ideal of the democratic state. For what is worship? The worship that shall be conducted here in symphony and song and sermon, it is like the flag of one's country, and these buildings are like the flag-staffs up to the mast head of which that rises, the ideal of what a man was meant and made to be; the ideal of the life of the one, not only, but the ideal of the life of the many. After all it is the ideal that every one of the great religious leaders had,—that there is one good Father.

Friends, the flag that shall wave here will be that of the ideal, of the one life and of the many. But the fellowship of the church is also democratic. There is absolutely no caste or class in the great fundamental tenets of the common faith; it is all leveling, not only leveling down but leveling up as well. Whatever else Christianity is or has been made to be contrary to its nature and its origin, it never was and never has been forced to be an aristocracy; it is a democracy pure and simple; here have we common ground; the very word "fellowship" means having and sharing in common. The old Greek term is "community"; it is the sharing of the great common things of life. What is personality after all but the same touch of things we have in common? Individuality may be the arrangement of these points, but the thing that makes personality is what we share in common with others.

So this fellowship gathered here is well called All Souls fellowship and the place to which we are called together tonight and to which many another will return is happily called a "centre." Here again we have no new thing. When our New England Puritan and Pilgrim forefathers founded the colonies and mother states they established centers, and at each one of these town centers was a school; there was the town meeting and the church.

If this church can preach the democracy of the public school it will set a new type of exchange, ideal and organization.

But I must mention one other democratic thing. If democracy is to be spread or if ecclesiasticism of any kind, good or bad, is to survive, there must be sacrifice. There is no such thing as democracy without self-sacrifice; there is no such thing as democracy with an apotheosis of selfishness, be it that of the individual or of the class. Democracy must be a religion with its altar and its ritual, its sacrament. Will democracy become a religion? Will religion be the democracy? The record of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the record of William Kent and his colleagues and fellow members in this church, the record of All Souls Church, the record of the message that has been sent from this desk, that has never known distinction of color, race or previous condition of any kind,—here at least religion will be the democracy of man and woman. The message of this hour is the democracy of the common faith for the state, for the city and for the nation.

THE CHAIRMAN:

Our dear friend Judge Tuley expressed to me his deep regret, when I called on him last night, that he should be unable to be present. This society and this new venture of ours can hold as one of its finest memories the fact that it has all along had the sympathy and the co-operation of this best beloved of Chicago's citizens.

We have a literary side to this institution, and it is very pleasant to turn to one of my pupils in the University of Chicago whom I taught about Homer some time ago. I may whisper a secret here,—that we are talking of having a very much closer union with the University; we are going to affiliate the University. It is a great pleasure to introduce Professor Shorey.

PROFESSOR PAUL SHOREY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The soul is larger than its instrument and the ideal is larger than any habitation built with hands. But the individual man, as we all feel deeply, is a creature of finer capacities, and he must choose his instruments and limit the channel of his activities if he would accomplish anything. He bows reverently before the pure shrine at which his worship is fed. Tonight we all of us join happily in the service of dedication of

this magnificent palace of democratic fellowship and higher living, and I would join in that service.

I congratulate our friend on the realization at last of his dream; it would seem at first as if no words were fitting to the occasion except such as help to illuminate and transfigure the special vision of the ideal that has found embodiment in this hall and in this community. But such words we have heard from the speakers who preceded me and I do not believe that it was the purpose of your leader in inviting representatives of other forms of social activities, of social helpfulness, of ideal uplifting to address you from this platform, I do not believe that it was to swell the chorus of congratulation and praise. I think he meant that some of us should define, however indirectly, our own special type of service, our own contribution to the great work, to the building of spiritual endeavor.

The very name "university," the very meaning of the word, makes it impossible that any man should speak with authority. The university idea of the totality and of the disinterestedness of human life does not reside in the trustees, nor in the president, nor in the senior members and senate. But the university is a very potent force in shaping the lives of those who come within its inspiration. You may found a Catholic, a Baptist, an agnostic school if you will, but if it develops into a university there is no power on earth that can keep it Catholic or Baptist or agnostic, and it matters little whither its funds be drawn from; it can be the tool of neither, so strong is the power of an ideal once planted in the minds and hearts of men. Of that ideal I have already spoken in the chief elements,—the totality and the disinterestedness of human knowledge. The first conception requires no explanation,—we are all of us so helpless in the presence of the infinite vastness and mystery.

The other idea is more liable to misconception, and yet even more than the totality of human knowledge the idea of its disinterestedness demands with every added year the help of the university member. This idea is a stumbling block to the hard-headed practical worker—if you cannot put your knowledge to practical use, of what use is it?

It is the answer that has been given a thousand times by the representatives of pure science.

This answer rightly understood and rightly interpreted is sufficient and conclusive, but I should like to dwell for a moment on the human side. The gulf that separates the university from the life about it has diminished and is growing still less; it will continue to diminish. In place of the old-fashioned college president we have the large-minded and liberal administrator. The platform of the university is free to the expression of all serious, sincere opinion; the feudal hierarchy of states has given place to a democratic cordon. Nothing human is alien. The doors of the university stand open throughout the year. Our professors go forth to extend their teachings to those who cannot seek it at its source. To the world knowledge is a means to an end; to the university an end in itself. The latest school of philosophy declares that the world is right and the university wrong in this. Knowledge was created to serve life and that only is real which we make real. All consecutive thinking is thinking to a purpose, and nothing is true except that which is significant and helpful. With these large generalities I do not propose to meddle; let it be true. Nevertheless there are many things which the divisions of labor must separate, until a final synthesis will unite, and the distinction between disinterested and interested thinking will remain, for practical purposes, the distinction between the university and the world. To the world, thought for thought's sake seems unreal or selfish. "How can you sit in your cool libraries?" the impatient philanthropist exclaims, when there are trusts to be broken, strikes to be arbitrated? The scholar can only reply that he, too, knows of a work to be done; not the highest work, perhaps, but the highest for him; not the only work, but an indispensable work, and a work that can only be done by those who sit in cool libraries and keep their heads cool; he must make his mind an achromatic lens to which the words of reality shall penetrate uninterrupted by passion, through the dry light of the soul undimmed by hope or fear, by sympathy or desire.

That is the scholar's mission and his consecration,—an impious, an inhuman idea, yes, in the complete consummation. But the striving towards it is what develops him.

As a man among men, the university man may have more or less than his share of selfishness or of generosity. But whatever his life in the world, he goes back to the library and the laboratory, there to engage in the passionless pursuit of passionless intelligence. His nature is steeped in what he works in.

This, ladies and gentlemen, whatever may be told you, is the true university spirit throughout the world, and if you wish to have universities you must be tolerant of this spirit and you must be tolerant of the isolation. God fulfills himself in many ways. We would not have all our bright young girls doctors of philosophy, but neither would we have them all residents of Hull House or all belles of the ball room. The university is only one of many organs of the higher life and of civic and social service, and we shall give best service for every such organ when we ask of it that which it is best fitted to give. Sympathy, admiration, commendation, poise, the university can give to the workers and to the combatants in other fields, but into the glow, the frenzy, the passion of the strife she does not enter. Ask the student not to descend into the turbulence; he was born to other things.

THE CHAIRMAN:

Superintendent Cooley, who fully intended to be here, telephoned this evening his inability to come. We are very fortunate in having with us a member of the school board and a sort of a brother in this liberal work to Mr. Jones,—Mr. R. A. White—who, I am sure, will have something good to say, something interesting along some line that will occur to him concerning the public school.

MR. WHITE:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I came very reluctantly, but very recently called from a very comfortable seat almost in the front row, to say something in the stead of the Superintendent of Schools, in order that the schools in some way, however poorly, might be here represented.

Taking the cue from my friend, Dr. Taylor, who came to represent the Mayor, expressions of embarrassments on the part of those who represent others seem to be entirely in order; and if Dr. Taylor was embarrassed at being called upon to speak for the Mayor of the city of Chicago, what do you imagine can be my feelings, suddenly and without preparation asked to speak instead of the Superintendent of the Chicago schools? The Mayor of Chicago has to do with some very vital problems relating to a couple of million, more or less indifferent, interesting and uninteresting people, as the case may be. But the Chicago Superintendent of schools has to do with the vital

welfare, present and future, of 250,000 children. The Mayor of this town is very much troubled and exercised at times over the passing and temporary problems of municipal street-car service. The Superintendent of Schools has a harder task on his hands, *viz.*, that of managing a Chicago school room. And, considering the importance of the Superintendent of Schools, you can imagine my reluctance, and yet something ought to be said for the side of the schools.

If you insist upon counting the various civic organizations and interests here in the city of Chicago, such as, for instance, the churches, social settlements and various other organizations for civic improvement and for the development of righteousness in the life of man, then of course we may have twenty-five or fifty civic interests here, but if you do not count these, then the one permanent institution of the whole city that in its civic importance and its prophecy for the future overtops them all, is the public school system of the city of Chicago. I want to say to you people that the public school system of Chicago, as of every other city, is always facing a crisis, but particularly here in Chicago. For the last three or four years there has not been an hour in which the public school system and its high interests in this city were not facing some form of a crisis. For, whether you know it or not, for the last four years, under the leadership of the man who would have represented the schools of Chicago much better than I can, the school system has been undergoing no less than a revolution. The man whose memory takes him back five or six years to the conditions, the motives, the spirit of the public schools of Chicago at that time and will deliberately and rationally compare the situation of a half dozen years ago with the situation today, will agree with me that the Chicago school system, in the face of many obstructions, beating down many traditions, has at last emerged from one measure into a new, and the old in a very large measure has passed away forever. I do not mean to say that the present movement in the Chicago schools is absolutely without imperfection or that it is as yet complete. No growing institution is ever complete, and if there is one thing that ought to characterize a great civic institution like a public school system, it ought to be ever the possibility and the continuance of growth.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, the public school system of Chicago today asks, nay, if necessary, it pleads, for your individual interests in its efforts. I rejoice in the well-known interest that the parents and the tax-payers of Chicago are taking in the public schools, for in that fact I see the prophecy of that future union of the parents on the one hand with the teachers and the children on the other, constituting that indissoluble trinity of the parent, the child and the teacher, without which there can be no successful educational service. I regret indeed that thus far this movement for co-operation between the home and the school seems to be very largely confined to the motherhood of Chicago. I attend very frequently so-called parents' meetings of Chicago, and I often go away pitying the poor children who are bereft of parentage on the paternal side and who have no prospects in the future but orphanage. These parents' meetings are made up almost wholly of mothers, but by and by the fathers are going to awaken to the necessity of their vital interest in this matter. It is right here that I think if I have any appropriate suggestion at all for the evening, it is that the relationship of this new civic, ethical and religious center to the great school system of Chicago is a vital necessity on the one hand. There are some things in an attitude, and the outlook of the schools of Chicago must deeply appeal to this church, and everything in the traditions and the spirit of this church responds of necessity to the new thoughts and motives in the new school outlook. One of the most radical characteristic movements, it seems to me, in modern education, characteristic of the country as well as of Chicago, is the fact that for the first time, in any large comprehensive system, in any rational way, there is a demand that, among other things, the public school system of Chicago shall stand for citizenship. We are no longer satisfied with developing the individual intellectuality of the child. Modern education is satisfied with nothing less than the correlation of that developed individual with all other individuals, until these individuals, individually educated, shall through the instrumentality of the same institutions that educates them unite in civic training. Not so much by what the school teaches, not because it makes a specialty of civics, not because it takes its children slumming, but because the new spirit of the modern school room is this, that the school is a community, and that the business of the modern school is to teach these children what the most of their parents never learned—how to live together in amity and in mutual helpfulness. If there is one thing in which we fail in America with all our knowledge and achievements, it is in the art of living one with another. There are plenty of men who cannot even live with their wives, let alone living with their neighbors. We are a great mass of gossiping, unrelated individual units in a nation that depends for its solidity and its future existence upon a spirit of citizenship that coerces us into a few great civic motives. That is the business of the public school.

Secondly, the school is now seeking not merely to develop the gray matter of the child's brain, but through a series of instrumentalities which I have not time to mention, but is searching deep into the spiritual intricacies of the child's life that it may make something of him more than intelligence; that through the school he shall become as intelligence plus a soul; a human being with a thought plus a vision. There is an absolute revolution in the pedagogical vision and purpose of these modern times. Citizenship on the one hand, ethical and spiritual virtues to supplement your intellectual virtues on the other, constitute a revolution in school methods.

Now do you see why we of the school board and we people who are interested in the schools of Chicago are glad that All Souls Church has broadened out into this magnificent fulfillment of the visions of many years, because persistently what the school stands for under the interpretation of modern education this church has always stood for and will continue to stand for under the interpretations of religion. For if education must mean citizenship, ethical and spiritual virtues, All Souls Church has pre-eminently stood for an interpretation of religion that says no man is a Christian unless he is a good citizen, and that religion involves the ethical as well as the spiritual vision. Therefore the new thought in education and the abiding spirit and purpose of this church and its leader do absolutely unite in one common purpose, and we know that in the strife and stress that still lie before the progress of the public school system of the city of Chicago, those of us who stand by the present Superintendent, believe in his integrity and his value, we who believe that we stand for what is progressive and best in education, we who believe in the divine purpose of our school system, cannot help but rejoice that when the strife and the stress come or even in these days of peaceful evolution and progress through which our schools must pass to the higher things of the future, we may know that All Souls Church, its people

and its splendid leader, my own teacher and honored friend, will stand shoulder to shoulder with those who stand for the public schools and the vital educational and ethical interests of the 250,000 children which it represents. Therefore I do indeed bring the best wishes of the school people of the city of Chicago to this occasion, and to my own brotherly congratulations uttered on this platform the other night I add, speaking in the name of our Superintendent, the congratulations and the gratitude, and bring the well wishes of that host of principals, teachers and managers in our school system, who will look to you in the future and will not look in vain for your support and helpfulness in all the days of the future development of our great school system.

THE CHAIRMAN:

Now if you happen to read the *Chicago Tribune* you do not want to believe all it says.

Our friend, Mr. Fisher, is a plain, impractical politician and a reformer in whom there is no guile. It may sound like a tribute to his intelligence to say that we never disagree about anything, but it is not exactly that, because he does not let me. Those of you who know the work of the Municipal League of the last few years must know that no meeting standing for the real things that make towards citizenship would be complete without his presence. And however much you may know of what appears of the surface, no citizen of Chicago can really know how much we owe to this untiring benefactor of the city. It is a great pleasure to have with us tonight Mr. W. L. Fisher, Secretary of the Municipal League.

MR. FISHER, PRESIDENT OF THE MUNICIPAL VOTERS' LEAGUE:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I do not know exactly what my friend Kent expects of me unless it is on the theory that no celebration of this character is complete unless I appear upon the platform. It must be upon this theory that he has asked me, because he must know how utterly inadequate I am to the discussion of propositions of this sort. Those of us who deal in the actualities of life, and particularly the realities of politics, grow more and more unfamiliar with the discussion of academic theories and glittering generalities. We get down more closely to the questions as to whether Smith is a good alderman or whether Jones should be elected in the tenth ward; whether Thompson is best for mayor or whether some one else would be better.

I understand that the topic which is assigned to me upon the program to which the newspaper has referred and which I have not seen is "Municipal Policies and Politics." I do not suppose this audience expects me to take up the questions of municipal ownership and taxation and discuss them on this occasion.

However, I understand that it is expected that these things will come in due course, and that the question of municipal ownership, of a proper civil service law, of a freight rate and the adoption of a motor system throughout the entire city, must be considered and that the people of All Souls Church intend to discuss some of these questions in this assembly room. I assume that that is the program. And, if so, of course we can all at least come here, those of us who are interested in these things, and express our appreciation of an institution that proposes to carry out a program of that kind. This unfamiliarity with generalities and general propositions I presume is as disadvantageous to those of us who are engaged in practical work, in or out of politics, as it is advantageous. There are two sides. We frequently forget the benefit and the necessity of a discussion of general principles. I suppose it would do us all good to hark back for a moment to Abraham Lincoln, the great defender of democracy, and to just stop long enough to consider whether this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and, if it is not, why it is not. We all know that it is a government of the people, but that it is a government for the people, very few of us believe, and that it is not a government for the people is due to the conviction that it is not a government by the people; that fundamentally the difficulty which lies in the whole matter of public administration arises from the lack of participation in public affairs by the people themselves. Many of us like to exercise the veto power. We believe in self government; we talk very loudly about it, very enthusiastically. And the one thing on occasions like these that we insist on is the right of self-government. How few of us really intend to participate in self-government; how few of us realize that self-government means self-government; that self-government cannot survive unless it is made self-government. What so many of us prefer is to let some one else do the governing; we wish to reserve the right to interfere; we want simply to exercise the veto power; we do not want to go down into the ranks and in that capacity participate in any actual affairs in any intellectual practical way that would really mean anything to ourselves or to the community. We hear it said on all sides that the municipal conditions are so bad, that the great thing, the great evil that threatens the country, the one thing that makes the perpetuity of American institutions doubtful, is the government of our large cities. I do not suppose that that is true at all; it is only true to the fact that the city government is near at hand. If we were close enough to see the defects and troubles and abuses that permeate the state government and the national government, we would realize after all, perhaps, that municipal government is as well off as either state or national. But we are too far away. It is the fact that it is close at hand, the easy and convenient thing to take hold of. Do you take hold of it in that way? Many of us say, O this municipal affair is a matter of minor importance; it does not concern us so very deeply; we have something else more important; we prefer to let the machinery of politics go on and run its own affairs.

There is one thing in regard to municipal policies and politics that perhaps can be touched on without going too deeply into details, and that is the inevitable development which is going on around us everywhere. The growing progress and development of municipal government in all these affairs known as public utilities and in many other ways, the growing importance in this country, is one of the most signal facts apparent to any intelligent observer. We say, as we said about the municipal ownership,—How can it be that it is a wise thing to commit to the administration a vast enterprise of this sort, to commit these things to a government which we believe is so inadequate as the city government of Chicago? We hear it continually. Now that is not the question. The problem will never present itself in that way; the question is coming around to us persistently from the opposite pole, because the tendency towards the increased activity in municipal government is as inevitable as the law of gravity, and the problem for us is the persistent rival of the one which we state so easily to ourselves. How shall we as citizens take hold so that the affairs will be handled wisely and well? That is the question which is coming home to every citizen in this city. It is sad to contemplate the fact that so many of our

night. So cut it down and make a large monster and a pestle from it. Whenever you want anything you can get it by striking the monster with the pestle."

Next morning the old man got up earlier than usual and made a great monster and a pestle of the pine-tree as he had dreamed. He struck the monster with the pestle to try whether the dream was true or not. He was thinking about money. Suddenly much money jumped out from the monster; next he prayed to get diamonds, pearls, etc., and he got all he wanted.

The bad neighbor heard this and asked the old man for the monster. He borrowed the monster and struck it with the pestle, praying that diamonds, pearls, gold and silver might come out together. But nothing came out except disgusting things. So he was angry and broke up the monster and threw it into the grate.

The old man was very sorry because his monster was burned by the bad neighbor. That night the spirit of the dog appeared again in the old man's dream and said, "If you scatter the ashes of the monster which the neighbor burned on dead trees they will blossom in a moment."

Next morning the old man put the ashes in a basket and went along the streets calling out in a loud voice: "I can revive dead trees and make them blossom."

The lord of the district heard this and ordered the old man to try it. He climbed up on the dead trees and scattered the ashes over them. Beautiful flowers suddenly blossomed upon them, so the lord gave him many treasures.

Hearing this the neighbor envied the old man's good fortune. Next morning the neighbor put the ashes in a large box and went along the streets calling out louder than the old man had done.

The lord ordered him to try his plan. So he climbed up on a tree and scattered a great many ashes, but not a flower blossomed. On the contrary, some ashes flew in the lord's eyes and made him very angry, so that he cut off the neighbor's left arm with his sword. *Hana saki jiji monogatari owari* (end of the story "Making Dead Trees Blossom").—*Musaburo Iwamoto in the New Voice.*

"The Dear Old Days."

Gimme back the dear old days—all the boys in line—
"Boy stood on the burnin' deck," an' "Bingen on the Rhine!"
" 'Twas midnight; in his guarded tent"—we spoke it high and low,
While Mary trotted out that lamb "whose fleece was white as snow!"

Gimme back the dear old days that Mem'ry loves to keep,
With "Pilot, 'tis a fearful night—there's danger on the deep."
The old-time, awkward gestures—the jerk, meant for a bow—
We said that "Curfew shall not ring," but Lord! it's ringin' now!

Gimme back the dear old days—the pathway through the dells
To the schoolhouse in the blossoms; the sound of far-off bells
Tinklin' 'crost the meadows; the song of the bird and brook;
The old-time dictionary, an' the blue-back spellin' book.

Gone, like a dream, forever!—A city's hid the place
Where stood the old log school house; an' no familiar face
Is smilin' there in welcome beneath a mornin' sky:—
There's a bridge acrost the river; and we've crossed, an' said "Good-by!"

—*Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.*

A creed is a rod
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE FAR NORTHWEST.—Prof. O. G. Libby will be missed from the summer school at Tower Hill, but his apprenticeship there and in the University of Wisconsin has fitted him for an interesting task. He is spending his summer hunting in North Dakota, not with the murderous gun or the treacherous hook but with a pencil. He is hunting facts and fixing incidents preparatory to the writing of a history of North Dakota. A private letter tells us that this task has carried him as far north as Winnipeg, which is so like North Dakota that he feels perfectly at home. This city of the north with 40,000 people the Professor pronounces the "most cosmopolitan city in America. It is Chicago, New York and St. Paul rolled into one. Whether you are English, American, Scotch, French or Jew, Norwegian, Icelander or half-breed you can find your own people and your own institutions rooted in the soil here. The rich undeveloped lands of the west and northwest are proving a magnet to the landseekers. Main street is lined with banks and loan offices, all substantial buildings from four to eleven stories high. After I am through here I shall do three weeks' work among each of the three Indian tribes—the Chippewas at Turtle Mountain, the Mandans at Fort Berthold and the Sioux at Fort Yates." Great is the privilege of the man who is allowed to watch the sprouting at the roots of a great State. Greater is the privilege of the men and women who are unconsciously planting the seed for such a civilization.

Foreign Notes.

Odds and Ends from Here and There.

The *Japan Weekly Mail* publishes the following translation of a letter received by the Bible Society of England from a Russian officer on behalf of his fellow-prisoners at Fushikiyama: "Kind Sir—I beg to notify you that we prisoners of war thank you from the depths of our hearts, and we all of us will remember you as long as we live for the 1,099 books, which have created such surprise and happiness among the prisoners. Every minute is spent in reading them. Kindly accept our sincere thanks; we shall always remember you for your kindness."—Yakoff Kouzuetsoff, Sergeant-Major."

The Bible Society's agent in Japan is actively engaged in distributing Scriptures among the prisoners of war arriving from Mukden. These include many Jews, Poles, Finns and Germans. The agent writes: "I sent forty German Bibles to a German lady missionary of the C. M. S., who has a Bible class of 300 German-speaking prisoners. She says that, as the forty books will not go round, they cast lots for the use of the books." During the first two months of the year the Bible Society distributed 18,000 Gospels and 500 Testaments to the wounded in the hospitals.

We are quite used to Fourth of July and Thanksgiving celebrations on the part of American colonies in foreign lands, but one does not so naturally think of Memorial Day observances away from the home land. The same abovementioned Japanese paper, however, reports as follows:

"The annual exercises of Memorial Day took place on May 30 in the compound of the United States Naval Hos-

pital, Yokohama. There were about 150 present, including Yokohama and Tokyo residents and naval and military men, the American minister in Tokyo, Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, presiding. The minister was accompanied by Mr. Miller, Consul-General; Mr. Scidmore, Mr. M. F. Smith Mr. Lockland, second secretary of the American Legation, and Revs. E. S. Booth, A. A. Bennett and J. H. Loomis. The grounds were decorated with the national colors and the flowers that were afterwards placed on American graves in the cemetery were displayed on tables. Proceedings were opened by the singing of the hundredth psalm. An orchestra consisting of Mrs. McIvor at the piano, Mr. Salinger, 'cello, and the Misses Fraser and Page and Mr. Charles Thorn, violins, furnished the music. Psalm 31 was read by the Rev. E. S. Booth; Job xiv: 1-5 was read by Rev. A. A. Bennett, followed by a reading from Matthew xxv: 30-40. A hymn followed and prayer was said by Rev. E. S. Booth. The Lord's Prayer was then recited, followed by the singing of 'America.' Benediction was offered by the Rev. J. H. Loomis and 'Taps' was blown by Mr. George H. Tuckey, a retired cavalry bugler, now residing in Yokohama. Mr. Griscom then invited those present to take charge of the flowers and march in procession to the cemetery, where the graves were decorated."

A woman has been elected as local magistrate in the commune of Rank Herlein, Hungary, because the whole adult male population of the place had emigrated to America and there was not a single man left to fill the position. This is a new way for women to get into office.

Christian Life pleads for an English "children's Sunday" as follows: "Why cannot we Unitarians have a children's Sunday at least once a year? It is a notable institution in America and is one of the fair fruits of Universalism. It grew naturally out of this noble faith but has been grafted upon every Protestant church on the other side of the Atlantic, until its observance has become almost universal. We have, it is true, our Sunday-school anniversaries; but what we are now advocating is a whole day devoted to the children. The children need such a day, but not nearly so much as do the older ones; they can get along a good deal better without us than we can without them. Those who trust us can best teach us to trust; the hopeful make us hopeful, and the seeker after knowledge wins all to the search. None is better taught than he who teaches. One Sunday in the year devoted entirely to the children and observed simultaneously throughout all our churches would be a grand inspiration to scholars and teachers alike, and would doubtless stimulate many to become Sunday-school teachers who otherwise might never think of it.

We would like to know in this connection whether that expectation is justified by American experience. Does children's Sunday make it easier to secure teachers for the Sunday-school?

The *Indian Messenger* reports that the Viceroy has received a contribution of 10,000 yen to the Earthquake Relief Fund from the Japanese paper, *Jiji Shimpo*, the proceeds of a fund subscribed by the readers of that journal, accompanied by the following message: "Although, owing to calls consequent on the war, the contribution is not as large as the Japanese nation would like to make, it will, we trust, in some measure convey the sentiment of true sympathy existing throughout the land with the near Indian Empire of our well beloved ally."

This number (June 4) of the *Indian Messenger* is largely devoted to tributes to the late Rev. P. C. Mozoombar, including an extended life sketch from the *Bengalee* and other "press comments." One little incident in the life of this eminent Hindu leader especially interested your note-taker, it so closely paralleled a story she loved as a child to hear her father tell of a thrilling experience of his early boyhood, almost babyhood. Mr. Mozoomdar's experience reads as follows:

"When he was about three years old he followed one evening his mother to the top of the house, where some branches of a *bale-tree* that grew inside the compound fell drooping on the parapet, with masses of leaves and flowers. There were also many water spouts, inside of which the little boy heard a curious buzzing activity. It was evidently the nest of some insect. Breaking a twig from the tree, he thrust it vigorously into the depth of the spout. The result is thus described in his own words: 'In a moment dozens of furious hornets flew around me, horridly trumpeting, and fastening themselves viciously to all parts of my body. My cries drew my mother to my side. She was stung so severely that she had to call for assistance. It was some time before the little monsters could be taken out of my skin. They could not be taken out alive. People thought I could not survive the effects. The hornets of Bengal have killed many grownup persons. I recovered but carry the marks of this encounter all over my body to this day.'"

The scene of the parallel story was a quiet sunny New England backyard, where in a big hogshead, turned on its side by the fence, two little cousins, aged respectively two and three years, had been playing stage-coach with apple-tree twigs for whips to spur on their horses. Wearying of this the elder of the two looked around for fresh diversion. Under the apple-trees not far off stood a bench with several beehives. Thither the three-year-old betook himself, switch still in hand. After watching for some time the stream of bees passing in and out of the narrow entrance, the idea seized him of running his switch in there to see what would happen. As he used to say: "I soon found out." His screams brought "Aunt Polly" to the rescue to find the small boy furiously stamping and slapping his sides in a vain endeavor to drive off the angry insects. Over fifty bee stings were removed from his little body and the wounds dressed with honey, and, spite of it all, the future "beloved physician" lived to tell the tale many times to his own little folks.

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